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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

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THE SECOND MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT MUNICH.

(Continued from Page 269.)

II.

The second Festival Concert, on Monday the 28th September, at 11 a.m., took place, like the first, in the Glass Palace. It began with a very admirable performance of a symphonistic work (in D minor) by Franz Lachner, and which, inappropriately enough, he has called a "Suite"—a name that no one can understand now-a-days, because unaccompanied by something else it means nothing. But this renders the work itself all the more valuable. We recognized in it one of the most genial compositions written in our time, in so interesting, captivating, and often surprising a manner, are musical knowledge and masterly skill in composition wedded to richness of fancy and a melodic element which pleases at once. It was not, however, the brilliancy of the performance, which, by the bye, cannot be too much praised, or the powerful masses (which were at most available in the March at the conclusion of the Variations of the third movement), which so greatly impressed the audience that they vociferously applauded every portion of the work; it was the power of the musical ideas, and the admirable mode in which they had been treated, that carried away the hearers, and caused them to indulge in the most animated manifestations of their approval. Justly was the creator and conductor of this truly symphonic poem, of this orchestral work, which, without any programmatic absurdities, offers once more a genuinely clear and impressive picture of pure music, which wishes to be nothing more nor less than music, and that, too, good music, honored by continuous applause for each movement. Lachner has reposed for a long time; perhaps he was too hard pressed in the arena of competition; at a certain age, a man no longer likes to mix in such a throng; but with this "Series" of admirably imagined musical movements, quite as admirably carried out, he has once more unexpectedly arisen, and carried off the prize.

The Suite consists of four movements.—1. Prelude, a lively and richly-figured piece of writing, which at once introduces us to the peculiarity of the composition, by the treatment of the stringed instruments; 2. Minuet, distinguished for the originality of its motives; 3. Variations, which form, perhaps, somewhat too long a series for an orchestral work, although the changes in the tempo, the rhythm and the instrumentation, artistically deceive the hearer as to the length. These Variations are, in other respects, an admirable specimen of composition, not simply interesting on account of the knowledge and art exhibited in them, but melodically pleasing and expressive, being invested with a high charm by the employment of solo parts for the clarinet, the horn, etc., as well as the performance of separate stringed instruments in the full chorus, as, for instance, of all the violins, or all the violoncellos and viols. Kant's old definition of the Beautiful, according to which the latter consists in the Unity of the Manifest, finds here a musical proof. The Variations conclude with a march, effective more on account of its grandiose instrumentation than by the originality of its motives. Being executed, however, by such large numbers, it produced a powerful impression, which called forth tremendous applause and loud cheers for the composer. 4. Introduction and Fugue, the former in andante time, and the latter in majestic allegro—a piece of writing into the strict form of which the master allows a gushing flood of free musical ideas to stream, boisterously filling the Introduction, though never causing it to overflow or burst. These ideas, after an artistic, though never dry modulation, always characterised by fancy and contrapuntally treated, not in a petty but a grand style, he leads up to a brilliant conclusion, rendered imposing by every resource of sound. The entire symphonistic Suite, but, above all, this final fugue, is a musical fact which falls more heavily upon the empty heads of those who despise form than the sharpest criticism could do. "First learn something," it cries to the apostles of slipshod looseness, "and then show whether you possess genius, by introducing creative imaginative power into what you have learnt, and prove that you can thus fashion it into a work of art." The execution of the fugue was beyond all praise; like a thunderstorm, the basses frequently dashed with the principal figures into the waves of tone—it was magnificent.

After this orchestral display, the second part of the concert opened, on the contrary, with a purely vocal work, devoid of all accompaniment. To sing a *capella* with so numerous a chorus is not only attended with great difficulties, but does not really produce an effect in keeping with the numbers employed. As we have already often experienced at great gatherings of male choruses, there exists for choral singing, as far as regards the executive masses, a limit above which the effect of those masses is increased very little, if it is increased at all, and while the *forte* is not much benefited if there are a thousand voices singing instead of four hundred, the difficulty of obtaining precision and characteristic expression is augmented. Certainly in Munich the eight-part motet by Palestrina, "Hodie Christus natus est," commenced imposingly, and it was a proper feeling which had selected one of the old master's compositions, adapted, as a Christmas cantata, by its dash, to the

development of large masses; the precision and purity of intonation, too, were praiseworthy. But delicacy of expression was, as a rule, wanting, and in our own mind we were obliged to confess that choral compositions, without accompaniment, produce a more beautiful impression when they are sung by from sixty to eighty voices, than when confided to great numbers.

Next followed a scene from the oratorio of *Il Ritorno di Tobia*, by Joseph Haydn, for contralto solo and chorus. If we are not mistaken, the chorus was that published with the words, "Insane et vanæ curæ." The oratorio dates from Haydn's early period. It was produced for the first time at Vienna in 1775, for a charitable purpose, and exists only in manuscript. Madlle. von Edelsberg sang the solo very well.

The Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra, by Johann Sebastian Bach, again displayed the excellence of the united violin-quartet, but as the latter had already distinguished itself in the *Sinfonia Eroica*, as well as in Lachner's Suite, its masterly execution of the fugue, although welcome, it is true, to the musicians present, was rather too much for the general public.

The finale to the second act of the opera of *Idomeneo*, on the other hand, once more afforded brilliant evidence of the eternal magic spell exercised by Mozart's music. The selection of this finale for performance at the Munich Festival was highly judicious. It was here, at Munich, that the greater part of *Idomeneo* was composed; it was here that, on the 18th January, 1781, Mozart completed it, and wrote, "Laus Deo! I have got over my task!" to his father; it was here that, on the 29th January, 1781, the opera was first brought out, and that the noble Karl Theodor, speaking of the impression produced at rehearsal, said, "No one would believe that there was anything so great in so small a head. I was altogether surprised. Never had any music had such an effect upon me. It is magnificent music!" And, in truth, it is still splendid at the present day. Mad. Diez was quite in her place as Electra. We considered her execution of the part, in the finale above-mentioned, as the best thing she did at the Festival. Madlle. von Edelsberg (*Idamante*), and Herr Heinrich (*Idomeneo*), completed, with talent and intelligence, the ensemble of the vocal solos. With regard to the powerful effect produced by the orchestra and chorus, in the tempest and at the apparition of the monster, of that the reader will form his own notion from what we have previously said.

The second part of the concert was brought to an end by Beethoven's March and Chorus, "Schmückt die Altäre," from the *Ruinen von Athen*, a fragment which, by its melodic loveliness and its clear harmonies, seemed to be a beautiful continuation of Mozart's music, and pleased universally.

For the third part of the concert, the programme presented us with Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." We discussed at length this fine work on the occasion of the last Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine; the impression it then made upon all who heard it was repeated at Munich, as far as the chorus was concerned; but the execution of the two *concertante* solo parts (soprano, Mad. Diez; tenor, Herr Grill), was not worthy of the composition; and since it is these parts which most conduce to its effect, we are unable, supposing we do not take into consideration material obstacles, to place the performance of the Ode quite on an equality with the other performances of the two days. But if we do take into consideration the fact, as announced by a large bill in the Glass Palace, that Madlle. Stehle, who had been cast for the soprano part, was taken ill, and that Mad. Diez, at only a day's notice, consented to sing it, we must pay the latter lady the highest praise for what she did in this emergency.

The third day of the Festival (Tuesday, the 29th September), was celebrated by an evening concert in the fine hall of the Odeon, which, however, is too small for a Musical Festival public. Notwithstanding the fact that the programme included nothing common-place, twelve pieces, among which figured two overtures (*A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Der Freischütz*), two concertos, and Beethoven's Grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, were rather too much. Despite of this, the audience—although densely crowded, whether sitting or standing, and although the temperature was tropical, and by no means distinguished for its usual Munich rawness—remained enthusiastic to the last. Mad. Dustmann, Mad. Schumann, and Joachim, were the most brilliant stars of the evening. Mad. Dustmann, who was in excellent voice, sang the beautiful air from Spohr's *Jezebel*, and, at the conclusion of the concert, three songs by Schumann, Mendelssohn and Schubert, giving that by Mendelssohn in an especially entrancing and artistically perfect manner, and Schubert's "Haideröseln" divinely. She was compelled to repeat the last. Besides this, she took the first soprano part in the remarkable "Witch-Trio," unjustly little known, from the opera of *Macbeth* by Chelard. The other parts were sung by Mad. Diez and Madlle. von Edelsberg. The eye could not possibly look upon these ladies as "Filthy Hags," but the highly original and characteristic composition, so grandly carried out, convicted, through the ear, their appearance of falsehood, and presented us with a true personal picture of the pernicious agents of Fate.

By her performance of Robert Schumann's Concerto, Mad. Schumann excited the admiration and applause of the audience. She played, likewise, with Joachim, Beethoven's Sonata, in A minor for pianoforte and violin. The selection of such a composition for a musical festival cannot be altogether defended, perhaps, especially when the *tempi* were taken so quickly, that it was impossible in such a large locale for the violin figures to be appreciated. We felt the more hurt that the *andante* should be transformed into an *allegro* and something quicker, causing the beautiful variations to assume in the performance a virtuoso-like character, because the material execution was perfect; for that very reason, the example set by so great a master can only work prejudicially upon his imitators.

Joachim's playing of Beethoven's Violin-Concerto is, after all, the greatest triumph of instrumental execution to be heard in our present state of art. Every time we hear the magnificent work played by him we think he never played it so beautifully before; from every bar there is wafted to us Beethoven's spirit, on the noble as well as the melting sounds which Joachim's bow lures from the soul of the instrument. The consequence was that, as in other places, he excited in Munich, where, I believe, he played for the first time, an amount of enthusiasm rarely witnessed. The orchestra, however, by the admirable manner in which it performed the task allotted it, materially contributed to the completion of the beautiful whole.

Thus the entire Musical Festival at Munich was eminently successful, while the principal performances and separate masterly exhibitions of skill rendered it a brilliant art-solemnity. May it, by the combination of the admirable resources which South Germany possesses, soon be repeated. Among other things, it afforded an opportunity for a numerous assemblage of composers, musical conductors, journalists, virtuosos and distinguished admirers of art. Among those present, we saw Herren Stark, Pruckner, Speidel, from Stuttgart; Dr. Hanslick, Herr Herbeck, from Vienna; Herr Schlager, from Salzburg; Herr Schletterer, from Augsburg; Herr Petzold, from Zofingen; Herr Walter, from Basle; Herren Vincenz Lachner, Max Bruch, from Mannheim; Herren Gervinus, Boch, from Heidelberg; Herr Gernsheim, from Saarbrücken; Herren Schott, Fockerer, from Mayence; Count Stainlein, Madlle. Asten (pianist), from Vienna; M. M. Pasdeloup, Gouvy, from Paris; Herr Meumann, from Lisbon; Herren Reinecke, Bagge, from Leipsic; Herr Meinardus, from Glogau; Herr Grimm, from Munster; Herr Vierling, from Berlin, etc. It was, indeed, altogether a most interesting musical congress.

L. B.

DRESDEN.—A new Opera, entitled, *Der Wahrsager*, by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, will shortly be produced. The *Dresdener Journal* writes as follows concerning a concert given for the purpose of introducing to the public Madlle. Mary Krebs, aged eleven, the daughter of the well-known musical conductor, Herr Krebs: "Before a crowded room, filled with an audience that took the deepest interest in the event, the charming little girl entered yesterday upon a career, which, if she remains in the path she has taken, will be sure to procure for her many art-loving friends, and obtain for her a rich reward. Belonging to a really artistic family; having grown up under the most favourable circumstances; instructed, as though in play, in the mysteries of the noble art of music, under the careful guidance of her father, who was also himself formerly a distinguished and celebrated virtuoso on the pianoforte; truly guarded by the affectionate superintendence of an anxious mother, the child, who, it is certain, is gifted naturally in an extraordinary degree, has attained a practical musical proficiency, which, for her age, is surprising. In pieces of the most different character, she gave evidence of remarkably certain musical intelligence, as well as of an excellent and serious system of training. It was astonishing how she played without the printed music before her, surely and readily, in a rhythmical as well as a technical sense, the C sharp minor Concerto of F. Ries, exhibiting, at the same time, the praiseworthy quality of playing in tune, which many a grown-up pianist might imitate with advantage. In the compositions by Bach (Fugue in A Minor), Schumann ('Warum'), Weber ('Perpetuum mobile'), K. Krebs (Fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia*), and Liszt (Waltz from *Margaretha*), she proved herself an equally advanced and excellent pianist. It was not alone bravura, power, and confidence, as well as deep and naïf feeling, which the audience admired in this little child: the last quality, by the way, was victoriously prominent in the charming piece by Schumann. May this talented girl pursue her course to a happy future, uninjured by the dangerous, hot-house development, which has destroyed so many blossoms of the same kind, ere they have attained their proper maturity—a perilous influence which, under the guidance of careful parents, she has hitherto fortunately escaped. May the applause of yesterday be regarded by her as an incentive to future exertion, and not merely as a tribute paid to proficiency already attained."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The following notice of Mr. Henry Leslie's "Mendelssohn Commemoration Concert" appeared in *The Times* of Thursday.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The first concert of the ninth season took place last night in St. James's Hall. It was announced as a "Mendelssohn Commemoration Concert," but without any explanation in the programme of the reason why Mendelssohn should be "commemorated" on this special occasion. As, however, the greatest of modern composers died on the 4th of November, 1847, it may be presumed that Mr. Leslie's intention was to celebrate the anniversary of his death by a programme made up exclusively from his works. No orchestra having been engaged, the collection for the most part consisted of vocal music, with or without accompaniment. It was as follows:—

PART I.

Sonata in B flat, pianoforte and violoncello, Op. 45—Herr Pauer and Signor Piatti.
Part Song, "The deep repose of night."
Two-part Song—Madame Gilardoni and Miss Whytock.
Part Song, male voices, "The Hunter's Farewell."
Swedish Winter Song—Madame Lemmens Sherrington.
Psalm for Eight-part Choir, "Judge me, O God."

PART II.

Psalm, "Hear my Prayer," soprano solo and chorus (organ accompaniment); solo Madame Lemmens Sherrington.
Air with variations, pianoforte and violoncello—Herr Pauer and Signor Piatti.
Four-part Song, "The Shepherd's Song"—Miss Lottie Tayler, Miss Alice Stanley, Mr. Goodban, and Mr. Seymour Smith.
Song, "On wings of music"—Madame Lemmens Sherrington.
Part Song—"The first day of Spring."
"Lieder ohne Worte" (pianoforte)—Herr Ernst Pauer.
Part Song—"Departure."
Accompanists, Mr. J. G. Calcott (piano); Mr. John C. Ward (organ).
Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

This was an excellent entertainment of its kind, but hardly of sufficient importance to warrant the title of "Commemoration Concert." Almost every one of the vocal pieces, solo and concerted, was familiar to Mr. Leslie's patrons, though by no means on that account unwelcome. On the contrary, such genuine music cannot be heard too often—especially those magnificent pieces, "Judge me, O God" (the eight-part choral Psalm), and "Hear my prayer"—which last can hardly fail, whenever and wherever it is heard, to conjure up memories of "Jenny Lind," the first to win public appreciation for its truly exquisite beauties.

It is now exactly 17 years since Mendelssohn died; and it may without impropriety be asked, what progress has been made in *creative* art since that unanticipated and deplorable event. The history would not take long to write; but, on the other hand, it would be hardly worth the writing. Germany, Mendelssohn's own country, has been visited by a species of nightmare, in the shape of Richard Wagner, his monstrous theories and his half-demented apostles. It is only of late—when the representation of *Tristan und Isolde* has been unanimously pronounced impossible, and the three or four night *Niebelungen*, upon which so much was to be staked, is looked upon as an extravagant dream—that his unwholesome influence has begun to wane, and the better and more intellectual class of his adherents to drop off one by one—Berlioz, Litolf, and Joachim, among the rest. Meanwhile, awaiting a complete return to health and common sense, Germany is solacing itself with M. Gounod's *Faust*—unquestionably the opera of the day, a work in which new thought, or at any rate new phases of the eternally beautiful are to be met with. France—or rather Paris—which has produced this *Faust*, is becoming unwontedly enthusiastic about the old masters; Italy, which has produced nothing except Verdi, is also turning a wistful eye towards Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn; while England, which Mendelssohn visited so often and esteemed so highly, has been gathering honey from every hive, and, if it cannot yet boast the amplest supply, has certainly to meet the largest demand and the most exacting taste at present to be satisfied in the musical market. What would have been the difference, had Mendelssohn lived and continued to produce masterpieces, it is hard to guess. That he would have always helped us on here in England is unquestionable; but whether, as many think, his prolonged existence and activity would have checked, if not upset, the visionary scheme of Wagner and his proselytes, which was to expunge music from the list of independent arts, is not so certain. A word from Beethoven would have arrested it at once; but Mendelssohn, though equally uncompromising, was less authoritative and less of an oracle. To annihilate such a paradox nothing less than the thunder of the "Hallelujah," or the lightning of the "Ninth Symphony" was required. Mendelssohn had neither at command. The first musician of his day, he was also the first eclectic; he loved the music of other masters quite as much as his own; and his self-reliance being by no means on a par with his inventive genius, he was unequal for such tasks as to Handel and Beethoven would have been comparatively easy. Thus, while Mendelssohn influenced his time enormously for good, he was not the Samson than

could slay the Philistines, the Hercules that could cleanse the Augean stables. He lived in a temple of his own, where he worshipped the ideal of beauty, but was neither the captain that could go forth to conquer, nor the orator that could extinguish a fallacy in a breath. His own power was limited; and thus amid a host of ardent worshippers, and a myriad of slavish imitators, he had almost as large a number of unscrupulous enemies, who—aware that he was the only formidable obstacle to their ambition—assailed him while living, and (see Wagner's *Oper und Drame*) attempted to console his admirers for his loss with the assurance that, had his days been lengthened, he would have completed his opera of *Loreley*, and thus have shown to the world, in spite of his extraordinary musical talent, his incapacity to shine in a particular musical sphere—the dramatic. "His good genius took him away at the proper time," says Herr Wagner; and so, instead of *Loreley*, which might have been played, the world was blessed with *Tristan*, which sets all executive skill at defiance. Now, alas! even Germany begins to weep over the unfinished *Loreley*, and to blame the temerity of Herr Max Bruch, who has set to music the very poem which Geibel wrote for Mendelssohn. It is, however, too late; and the best thing that remains is to profit by Mendelssohn's example. In England his name was honored from the first; and, although probably only a very small minority of the audience assembled last night in St. James's Hall were aware of the precise reason why they had been invited to a "Mendelssohn Commemoration Concert," they were not the less grateful to Mr. Henry Leslie for a programme devoted exclusively to his compositions.

VIENNA.—(Extract from a letter). The last performance of *Lohengrin*, Richard Wagner himself being present in the manager's box, was a very unfortunate one. Ander was to sing the part of the hero. He got on pretty well in the first two acts, for he husbanded his powers as much as he could; but at the conclusion of the second act he was so fatigued that a wait of nearly half an hour was requisite to give him time to recover in some degree his strength. He was obliged to take Eau-de-Cologne, peppermint lozenges, and other similar remedies, in order to get half-way through the third act. You will perceive, from this veracious report of the facts, that he has come to the end of his artistic career. His wish is now to be appointed principal stage-manager, or manager, but he does not possess the qualities necessary for either of these posts. Mad. Dustmann can boast, at present, of only a very modest amount of voice. Her impersonation of Elsa, as well as of Margaretha (*Faust*), was, consequently, effective only in those passages where she could sing *piano*. All the critics are unanimous about the mannerism of her acting. Herr Beck thought proper, as Telramund, and likewise as Don Juan, to leave out altogether the higher notes, such as *f*, *f* sharp, thereby considerably damaging the musical effect. In fact, since he has concluded an engagement for ten years, with an annual salary of 18,000 florins, he has fallen off greatly in zeal and study. Why should he trouble himself? Besides, a singer possessing only a voice, but deficient in aught like education, cares little about the word "perfection." His off-hand behaviour has caused the manager to address a very strong appeal to the Intendant-General of the Imperial Theatres, requesting the latter to interfere for the prevention of such excesses on the part of the artist. When the opera of *Dom Sebastian* was announced the other day, Herr Beck did not choose to give notice of his inability to appear until twelve o'clock on the day of performance, though he had been confined to his bed three days. Such want of respect for, and disregard of, the public and the manager, prove how wanting in education is the gentleman distinguished, in virtue of an Imperial diploma, as a "chamber-singer."—The American pianist and composer, Mr. Satter, has announced that he will give six Soirées of pianoforte music in Ehbar's Saloon. Besides compositions of his own, he will play others by Beethoven; W. Speidel; Hummel; Niels W. Gade; R. Schumann; A. Rubinstein; Cramer; Gotthard; Liszt; and Haslinger. The report, in several local papers, that the ex-opera manager, Herr Eckert, now conductor at Stuttgart, has arrived here, is incorrect. It is also untrue that, in the course of the Italian season, Sig. Merelli will produce *Dinorah*, with Adelina Patti. Meyerbeer has not yet given his consent.—Herr Alfred Jaell has been playing his transcriptions of "Wotan's Abschied," and "Feuerzauber," from Wagner's *Walküre*, and likewise his transcription from the same composer's *Rheingold*. He lately received from the Grand Duke Maximilian a valuable diamond ring, with the Arch-Ducal initial and crown, as a mark of his Highness's satisfaction at the part Herr Jaell took in the concert given on the occasion of the presence of the Mexican Deputation at Miramare. Herr Jaell was, likewise, created, a short time since, an honorary member of the Trieste Liedertafel, in which society he had played with great success Schumann's Quintet, and Brahms's A Major Quartet.—The first concert of the Singverein, under the direction of Herr Herbeck, will take place on the 8th instant, when Handel's oratorio of *Sampson* and the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," will be performed.

The solos will be sung by Mesdames Bettelheim, Passy-Cornet, Herren Schnorr Von Carolsfeld (of Dresden), Panzer and Professor Schlesinger.—The members of Beethoven's family have entered a protest against the late exhumation of his remains. They feel bound to declare that this act,—which they regard as an act of profanity, and of which the first notification they had was through the public papers,—has awakened only their sorrow, and that they resolutely protest against the carrying out of any similar projects, now meditated.

MUNICH.—194,000 florins, the third of the estimated cost of the new "People's Theatre," have been subscribed, and now that the King's consent has been secured, no doubt is entertained that the remainder of the requisite sum will be obtained. The King's consent is given on condition that the two existing People's Theatres shall be closed, and that the pieces performed at the new theatre shall be similar to those represented at the existing ones. His Majesty has not thought fit to accede to the wish expressed, that the future building should be called the Maximilian Theatre.—Herr J. Lasser, Musician and Organist, died recently, in his eighty-second year. He was formerly a well-known teacher of the pianoforte, but for many years the inmate of a workhouse. He was, there is no doubt, the last male descendant of the great Orlando di Lasso. The latter's sons and grandsons were landed proprietors in the vicinity of Fürstfeldbrück, and, in the documents of the court of that place, their names frequently occur, not merely in the Italian form: Lasso, but also in the Germanised form: Lasser. In consequence of poverty, one of the Lassers exercised the profession of his ancestor, and became a musician at the Electoral Court of Bavaria. Another Lasser, also a musician attached to the Court, and probably the father of the Lasser just dead, was known as a composer of Masses and Vespers, published by Lotter in Augsburg, about the end of the last century.

FLORENCE.—The committee appointed to decide on the merits of the compositions sent in for the prizes offered by Professor Basevi, have resolved that the first prize shall be divided between Sig. Croff, of Milan, and Sig. Fiori, of Leghorn. Sig. Francesco Anichini is honorably mentioned. Next year Professor Basevi will again offer prizes for Quartets. Not only Italians but foreigners will be allowed to compete. There will be two prizes, one of four hundred, and one of two hundred francs.

NEW YORK.—Herr Grau has got together, for the Western States, an Italian Operatic Company, consisting of the following artists, who are certainly not first-rate: *Prime donne*, Signore Vera-Lorini, Cordier, Castri, Simon; *contralto*, Signora Morenza; *tenore*, Signori Brignoli, Stefani, Tamaro; *basses*, Morelli, Amodio; *baritones*, Susini and Barili.

BOLOGNA.—The autumn season began on the 8th October with *Il Poluto*. The house was full. Sig. Sirchia, the tenor, greatly distinguished himself, and is declared by the local papers to be a perfect musical phenomenon. But the laudations of Italian journals are not to be received with unbounded confidence.

PARIS.—New hopes are being entertained that the *Africaine* will be at last produced. Meyerbeer has made up his mind to remain in Paris for the winter, and his frequent interviews with M. Emile Perrin have a significance not to be mistaken. Moreover, it is rumoured that the great composer, if he cannot have Mdle. Tietjens or some *prima donna* of the same stamp (?), is quite satisfied with the new tenor M. Villaret, who gave him a taste of his quality recently as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. All the Paris journals seem to think that M. Villaret is the tenor of the epoch—at the Opera; and the *Ménestrel* does not hesitate to proclaim him "of the family of the Duprez and Nourrits."—Signor Frascini has had a great success at the Italiens as Edgardo in *Lucia*. Thus there are two tenors raging in the French capital, at the time when the dearth of singers of that class has become a bye-word. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson now can surely be at no loss for tenors next season. Madame La Grange is praised highly for her singing and passionate emotion in *Lucia*, and Signor Morelli meets with a word of commendation for his performance of Ashton. The next production at the Italiens will be *Poluto*, with Madame Julienne Dejean and Signor Frascini.—The revival of the *Domino Noir* at the Opéra Comique, with Mdle. Cico and M. Achard, has proved a great success. M. Montaubry is announced to resume his performance of Zampa, with Mdle. Monrose in the character of Camille.—The Popular Concerts of Classical Music commenced their third season at the Cirque Napoléon on Sunday last, M. Padeloup conducting. The programme of the first concert has appeared in the *Musical World*.—Madame Frezzolini has returned to Paris.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

The long-promised "Opera di Camera," of Messrs. John Oxenford and Macfarren, *Jessy Lea*, was performed for the first time on Monday night with eminent success. There were indeed no encores, nor was applause on any occasion boisterous, but the audience were thoroughly pleased, and but one opinion ran through the room at the end of the performance, viz., that *Jessy Lea* was a masterpiece. The story of *Jessy Lea* bears a strong resemblance to that of the *Elisir d'Amore*, the principal incident in both being the drinking a magic draught by a love-sick swain to bring back the affections of a wavering sweetheart. The peculiarity of the "Opera di Camera," as Mr. German Reed informs us, is that it requires only three or four singers; dispenses with a chorus; and has only the pianoforte to accompany it. There is nothing new in this, the French "Opera de Salon" being identical with the "Opera di Camera," to say nothing of our own "Operetta," which may or may not have orchestral accompaniments. The four characters in *Jessy Lea* are thus distributed: Jessy, Miss Edith Wynne; Elspeth the gipsy, Miss Poole; Gilbert, the lover of Jessy, Mr. Whiffin; and Hugh, the sea-captain—standing for Sergeant Belcore—Mr. Wilkinson. Of the music we shall content ourselves with stating at present that it is worthy of Mr. Macfarren in his best and most inspired moments, and that many are inclined to place it among his most successful efforts. Mr. Oxenford's libretto is neatly constructed and eminently poetical, and the story is carried on with capital effect. Miss Edith Wynne, who made her first appearance out of the concert-room, showed not merely a charming voice and good style, but gave indications of a dramatic talent to boot, which there was no mistaking. Miss Poole's voice is as smooth and sweet as ever, and the music of the gipsy could not have been given with neater skill or with nicer expression. The two gentlemen are novices to the stage, but both have tolerable voices, that of Mr. Wilkinson, the barytone, being perhaps the best. The performance was admirable throughout, and so full and masterly were the pianoforte accompaniments, and so well played wital, that the want of an orchestra was scarcely felt. In fine, *Jessy Lea* was an undeniable success.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The same feeling which induces the North Londoners to believe in Shakespeare and Mr. Phelps, as associated at Sadler's Wells, prompts large attendances whenever the *Messiah* is announced at this vast hall (whose arena is little inferior in size to the great transept of the Crystal Palace); and although the weather of Tuesday evening was perhaps as miserable as could well be imagined, the audience was, both in point of numbers and enthusiasm, fully equal to the average. Why a performance of a single oratorio (even though that oratorio be the best known and most universally appreciated) should be styled a "Grand Musical Festival" it would probably puzzle those who gave the concert to say; possibly the additional attraction of a new organ by Dr. Wesley might, by a stretch of imagination, add the "grand" and "festival" element, otherwise the outside world might be at loss to determine why so pretentious a title was given. That the principals, Mlle. Parepa (whose first appearance in England it was since her return from her Continental triumphs, and who was received with a warmth justly due to her abilities), Mme. Sainton Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Lewis Thomas, should acquit themselves with their well known skill was only to be expected, and the general effect of the performance would have been materially enhanced had the remainder of the orchestra (professing to number 1000) been in any way worthy of the soloists. As it was, neither chorus nor band distinguished themselves by anything like accuracy, and the general slovenliness of execution but too apparently spoke of insufficient or imperfect rehearsals. The organ (by Willis) is the same that stood in the sixth gallery of the west transept of the International Exhibition, attracting very favorable notice at the time. Its position, immediately under an enormous range of glass windows, is decidedly bad, although, taking the peculiar construction of the hall into consideration, the best that could be had under the circumstances. The tone is full and rich, the generality of the stops being characterised both by sweetness and power, and when the instrument is got into working order and thoroughly in tune, will no doubt add considerably to the enjoyment of the North Londoners. Mr. Glenn Wesley conducted.

BRIGHTON.—Herr Derffel has been giving a series of pianoforte "recitals" with success; and Madame Coletti has announced her annual concert. Mrs. Fanny Kemble has been induced, from the success she obtained at her last visit, to announce three more readings from *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *As you like it*; and Mrs. Prosser intends giving two "Shakspearian Readings" during the present month.

CARLO PATTI.—According to the American papers, Carlo Patti, the brother of Madlle. Adeline, has just been taken prisoner by the Federals, after having served two years as an officer in the armies of the Confederates.

REFORM YOUR PROGRAMMES.

From "The Liverpool Porcupine."

What genius, or dilettanti "Council of Ten," select the music performed at the Philharmonic Concerts? They may be good judges of music, and know an air of Meyerbeer's from a sonata by Beethoven, but they are ignorant beyond expression of human nature. No doubt some of the Committee of the Philharmonic Society really believe that their patrons and subscribers are *fanatici per la musica*, and this delusion is more widely spread than many would credit. Still, *Porcupine*, and all other people of sense, know very well that the Philharmonic Concerts are principally patronised by people whose main object is to be amused, and to outshine their neighbors. At all events, this is the case with nine-tenths of the Philharmonic audiences. Now, these people, having to pay very dearly for their whistle, ought to have their money's worth, and we therefore think that the Committee should consider this when the programmes are made out. For instance, what can be more injudicious than the programme for next Tuesday's concert? For it, the vocal talent engaged is the most attractive heard in the Hall this season, for few singers now on the stage are more charming and popular than Tietjens the grand, and Trebelli the piquant, and very naturally therefore the audience will like to hear as much as possible. Yet, for this very concert, the Committee have selected Spohr's "Power of Sound"—a dull, yet very learned, instrumental piece, which plays nearly an hour. Spohr, we all know, is a profound musician, but no genius; and, being deficient in the gift of tune, which makes the most scientific and elaborate compositions of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven endurable to learned ears, his symphony will be a sad tax upon the patience of the audience, anxious to hear the tuneful strains and glorious voices of the two *prime donne*. Now, as the Committee often find great difficulty in procuring first-rate vocal talent for their subscribers, and if instrumental symphonies are attractive *per se* to a real musical public, why are they not performed when the vocal attractions are mediocre? Then, assisted by the chorus, (whose singing at the banquet to Admiral Dacres and his officers is pleasantly and gratefully remembered by *Porcupine*,) they might be listened to, not only with patience, but even with pleasure. *Porcupine* has great respect for people who understand and appreciate symphonies, but he also sympathises with those who don't, and who prefer tune to science. He therefore objects to forcing people to listen to symphonies, by inducing them to come to the Hall to hear *artistes* like Tietjens and Trebelli, and for these reasons he protests earnestly against the performance of Spohr's instrumental *chef d'œuvre* on Tuesday next. Well might Mr. Roger Haydock, when spoken to on the subject, declare it to be a *mockeries, delusio, and snarum*.

The "Liverpool Porcupine" is not so much a pig as an ass. Rarely, indeed, have we encountered such an ass in the domain of letters. BUTCHER BAKER.

WOOLWICH.—The ceremony of the consecration of the Garrison Church was performed by the Bishop of London. Among the congregation were the Duke of Cambridge, Earl de Grey and Ripon, Lord and Lady Sydney, the Quarter-master General, the Chaplain General, Sir Richard Dacres, commandant, and most of the principal officers of the garrison. The chants were most creditably given by a choir selected from the bands of the artillery and by young women attending the various schools connected with the Regiment, who have all been in training for several months by Mr. J. A. Smyth—the talented band-master of the Royal Artillery—and his wife, well known as an accomplished organist and vocalist. The War Department has expended about £1800 on the solid portion of the church, and the officers of the Royal Artillery have subscribed close upon £2000 for the painting, stained glass and other decorative portions of the building. The fine organ, by Bevington, is the gift of the officers, and was most ably presided at by Madame Smyth, who, we understand, is to be the organist, an appointment to which she is deservedly entitled from the care and attention she, with her husband, has bestowed on the establishment of the choir. On the present occasion there were, including the instrumentalists, upwards of 250 executants, who all exerted themselves *con amore*. Both H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge and the Bishop of London expressed their gratification to Mr. and Madame Smyth for their exertions.

BAYSWATER.—A Mr. R. Temple gave a concert at Victoria Hall, on the 2nd. He was assisted by Mad. Helen Percy, Mad. Burrington, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper; and Mr. Scarsbrook, pianist. The audience, though not numerous, was evidently much gratified, re-demanding both Mad. Percy's songs, one of Mad. Burrington's, and both Mr. Cooper's. Balfe's duet, "The sailor sighs," by Mad. Percy and Mr. Cooper, and a new song, "Quite by Chance," sung by Mr. Temple, were also received with great applause. The conductor was Mr. Burrington.

(Au Rédacteur du MUSICAL WORLD).

MONSIEUR,—En attendant *La Fiancée du roi de Garbe*, dernier-né de cette nombreuse et charmante famille qui a dû le jour à l'heureux mariage de Scribe et d'Auber, l'Opéra-Comique vient de remettre en scène *Le Domino noir*.

Il n'y pas longtemps, à la vérité, qu'il avait disparu du répertoire, et l'on peut tenir pour certain qu'il ne subira jamais que des éclipses momentanées, de courtes occultations. C'est comme ces constellations qui, chaque année, disparaissent à l'occident, pour remplir bientôt après de leur éclat inaltérable la région opposée du ciel. *Le Domino noir* est, en effet, un des astres les plus brillants qui se soient jamais levés à l'horizon de l'Opéra-Comique. C'est un des chefs-d'œuvre du genre; c'en est peut-être le plus parfait modèle. Quelle donnée ingénieuse et piquante! Quelle richesse d'imagination et quelle habileté magistrale dans la conduite des événements, dans l'agencement des scènes! Quel intérêt vit et palpite dans ces trois actes, depuis le lever du rideau jusqu'au dénouement! Que d'esprit et de grâce dans le dialogue! Et le musicien s'est maintenu jusqu'au bout au niveau du poète. Y a-t-il à l'Opéra-Comique une partition où vous trouviez plus d'idées mélodiques, plus d'élégance, plus de charme, des harmonies plus fines et plus distinguées, des accompagnements plus piquants, un coloris plus frais et plus vif? Voilà vingt-six ans qu'on joue *Le Domino noir*, et depuis vingt-six ans cette œuvre merveilleuse n'a pas encore été égalée.

C'est dans le rôle d'Angèle, si notre mémoire n'est pas en défaut, que Mlle. Cico a fait son premier début au Conservatoire. Elle y est aujourd'hui telle, à peu près, qu'elle était alors, charmante de visage, élégante dans toute sa personne, jouant avec convenance, chantant avec une facilité correcte, et faisant regretter parfois que la nature ne lui ait pas donné plus d'entraînement, de chaleur, de passion. Le rôle d'Horace a été écrit pour M. Coudere, dont la voix avait déjà perdu l'étendue et le timbre sonore qui avaient donné tant d'éclat à ses débuts. C'est un rôle de comédien plutôt que de chanteur. M. Léon Achard, qui est plutôt chanteur que comédien, n'y trouve guère l'occasion de briller par les qualités qui lui sont propres. Il n'a pourtant pas jugé nécessaire de faire imprimer sur l'affiche, comme on vient de lui en donner l'exemple sur un théâtre voisin, qu'il jouait ce rôle par complaisance. Il faut le louer de ce bon goût et de cette modestie. Il s'est borné, en artiste sincère et consciencieux qu'il est, à faire tout justement ce qu'il fallait faire, à être, du commencement à la fin, le jeune homme ardent, quoique timide, et naïvement passionné qu'a imaginé Scribe. Il a rendu les situations avec intelligence, avec chaleur. Il a fait valoir la grâce spirituelle du dialogue. Bref, il a réussi, et nous joignons avec un plaisir extrême nos applaudissements à ceux du public.

Le vœu que nous exprimions dimanche matin s'est réalisé le soir même. Mme. de la Grange, qui la veille encore chantait le rôle de Violetta, un peu étroit pour sa large envergure de cantatrice et d'actrice, est venue à celui de Gilda, où elle devait prendre un libre essor. En effet, nous l'y avons vue et entendue telle que nous la vantaient tous les échos du monde musical, telle que l'Italie, la Hongrie, l'Amérique, l'Espagne, l'annonçaient à la France. Outre l'art du chant, dont elle est souveraine maîtresse, elle a déployé cette chaleur, cette force, ces élans de passion qui n'appartiennent qu'aux grandes artistes, et dont l'action s'exerce irrésistiblement. Au second acte, elle avait enjolivé, brodé avec un goût exquis l'air charmant que murmure à demi-voix Gilda en remontant l'escalier; mais à l'acte suivant, dans le duo qu'elle chante avec son père, elle s'est élevée à l'accent tragique, à l'expression vive, éloquente. Dans le quatuor du quatrième acte, elle a été plus admirable encore, et les bravos de la salle entière le lui ont prouvé. Seulement, il faut le dire, sa voix, sa douleur, tout quelque chose de trop vigoureux, de trop marqué pour le caractère du rôle. Ce n'est plus le désespoir de la jeune fille, mais celui de la femme trompée, trahie indignement: Gilda disparaît et donna Anna prend sa place. Nous faisons une observation et non une critique; beaucoup de gens trouveront d'ailleurs qu'ils ne perdent pas au change.

Le jeune Nicolini faisait son second début dans le rôle du duc de Mantoue, et, comme Mme. de la Grange, il y trouvait une meilleure chance que dans *La Traviata*. On se plaint si souvent de la prétendue rareté des ténors; on reproche si souvent au Conservatoire de ne pas produire assez de chanteurs pour la consommation nationale, qu'il est bien juste de mettre en ligne de compte ceux qui émigrent à l'étranger. Est-ce que, par hasard, nous ne

saurions pas employer nos propres élèves? En voilà un qui nous revient, comme Duprez dans son temps, et qui, sans égaler le grand maître, nous rapporte un fort joli talent, formé d'abord à notre école. M. Nicolas (qui, par parenthèse, a débuté sous la direction de M. Emile Perrin, et nullement dans *les Trois Nicolas*) avait pour professeur M. Masset; il ne chantait déjà pas mal lors de ses débuts, et pourtant on l'a dédaigné, laissé partir: à qui la faute? Il en a été de même de Gassier, d'Everardi, et de bien d'autres, qui sont devenus prophètes en d'autres lieux que Paris. Certainement M. Nicolini ne saurait être comparé à Mario, le meilleur des ducs de Mantoue, mais il a fort bien dit sa chansonnette: "La donna é mobile," que les ténors étrangers s'obstinent à chanter dans la tenue agréable d'un sergent à la parade, la tête droite et les bras tendus. Il a parfaitement exécuté sa partie du quatuor: il y a mis cette morbidité, ce sensualisme ardent que le morceau demande, et l'on a pu y juger les heureuses qualités de sa voix.

Delle Sedie a repris possession du rôle de Rigoletto, avec les honneurs que son double talent mérite. Donc, il n'a qu'à se louer de sa rentrée dans l'emploi de fou royal ou ducal. Bouché, l'ancienne basse-taille de notre grand Opéra, et Mme. Démeric-Lablache, au nom doublement célèbre, ont droit à nos remerciements pour s'être momentanément résignés aux rôles de Sparafucile et de Maddalena, en attendant un début sérieux et personnel.

LE'ON DUROCHER PAUL SMITH.

NONA LETTERA INEDITA DI CARLO GOLDONI AL SENATORE ALBERGATI

Venezia 19, Marzo 1764.

ECCCELLENZA.—Sperava quest'oggi spedirle la prima delle due farsette; ma un gravissimo dolore di schiena, che m'ha obbligato per vari giorni a guardare il letto, mi ha impedito di terminarla. Questo sarà, mi lusingo, per oggi a otto. Ho consegnato la sua lettera al signor Marchese Francesco, ed egli mi ha mandato le incluse sino nell'ordinario passato, ma io non le ho spedite, perchè mi è sopravvenuto il suddetto male. Ora le nostre lettere vanno bene. Ella ha ricevuto le mie, io ho ricevuto le sue. Una ne riceverà ancora dal Padre Maestro Sargo, predicatore Francescano. La prego di riceverlo con bontà e usargli qualche finezza. Circa al pulpito ch'egli vorrebbe di San Petronio, si regoli come le pare: prenda tempo, s'informi, mentr'io non conosco il merito di lui: ma avrei il piacere che fosse contento di un poco di accogliimento, com'ella è solita con la sua buona grazia, amabile, gentile. Ho ricevuto l'altro foglio di lei del 6 corrente, ed ho partecipato al Signor Marchese Albergati l'articolo toccante l'*Extrait mortuaire*. Egli la ringrazia, e procurerà migliori notizie. Ella non avrà da osservare niente di nuovo ne' miei tomi, nè per lei, nè per chi ha attinenza o dipendenza da lei, poichè sa ch'io sona cosa sua, ed è finita.

Ancora non si sono qui rappresentate le tre commedie, che ultimamente ho fatte, per causa di una dissensione grandissima fra commedianti, per la quale la brava attrice, l'unica attrice buona, la gran Camilla, ha domandato il suo congedo, e l'ha ottenuto. Gli altri non valgono un fico, ed io non so più come far commedie. Vedrà a Pasqua quali risoluzioni prenderanno i gentiluomini della Camera. Così certamente non posso restare a Parigi, e vi andrebbe della mia riputazione. Non ho ancora niente deciso. Ho vari progetti che mi vengono fatti. Ella sarà avvisata di tutto. I miei rispetti alla Signora Contessina Orsi. Do subito mano al finimento della farsetta, e sono essequiosamente,—

UMILL. DEVOT. SERVITORE CARLO GOLDONI.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the 133d concert (on Monday next) M. Lotto will lead the famous Tenth Quartet of Beethoven, and play Tartini's *Trille du Diable*; M. Hallé will play a sonata by Mozart, and a *presto* by Mendelssohn; while Mademoiselle Parepa, fresh from her German successes, will sing the "Air des Bijoux," from M. Gounod's *Faust*. Miss Banks will be the other singer.

MADLIE. VOLFINI.—This highly talented singer has been very successful in her recent provincial tour, and has been everywhere received with enthusiasm. During the last season, at Her Majesty's Theatre, she raised herself into the position of a real favorite, and her present engagement at the Promenade Concerts, which commence this evening at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the *bâton* of M. Louis Jullien, will no doubt be the means of making her talent still more appreciated.

BARCELONA.—The Liceo opened on the 3rd ultimo with Petrella's *Jone*. This has been followed by *Norma*. *Saffo* is announced. Mad. La Grúa is a great favorite.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD CONCERT.

SECOND CONCERT OF THE SIXTH SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 9, 1863.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF

M. LOTTO.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, No. 10, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello *Beethoven.*
M. LOTTO, Herr L. RIES, Mr. H. WEBB and Signor PIATTI.

SONG, "Rage, thou angry storm"—Mr. FRANK D'ALQUEN *Benedict.*

SONG—Mdlle. PAREPA *Schumann.*

SONATA, in A minor, for Pianoforte Solo *Mozart.*
(No. 10 of Mozart's Sonatas, edited by Charles Halle.)
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.

PART II.

CAPRICCIO, "Le Trille du Diable," for Violin Solo, with Pianoforte
Accompaniment—M. LOTTO *Tartini.*

AIR DE BIJOUX (*Faust*)—Mdlle. PAREPA *Gounod.*

PRESTO SCHERZANDO, for Pianoforte Solo—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ *Mendelssohn.*

SONG, "La blondina in gondoletta"—Mdlle. PAREPA *Paer.*

QUARTET, in D minor, No. 22, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello *Spohr.*
M. LOTTO, Herr L. RIES, Mr. H. WEBB and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Soft Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; To be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

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Pupils and Friends that she has returned to Town for the winter season.
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TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at
MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner
of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be
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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE
MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor,
care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.
A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear in THE
MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Perform-
ance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can
be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. BAKER BUTCHER.—Our correspondent is entirely in error. The
article he alludes to was as follows:—

"HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The doors of this great establishment
were thrown open to the public on Saturday night for the first of a
short series of representations at reduced prices. The opera was
Faust, and the magic of that name was potent enough to fill the
theatre to the roof. Even the information, diligently communicated
by the officials to every visitor, and the placards posted up on al-
sides to the same purport—viz., that Mr. Sims Reeves, on account of
indisposition, would be unable to sing the part of *Faust*, for which he
had been announced, was powerless against the attraction of Mr
Gounod's masterpiece, which seems in no way to have diminished or
to present any likelihood of diminishing. The place of Mr. Reeves
was supplied, literally *impromptu*, by Signor Volpini, whose readiness
and good will must, therefore, be accepted as ample excuse for any-
thing that may have been wanting in his performance. He had
never even attempted the part before, and under the circumstances,
whatever his inevitable failings, he is entitled to the utmost credit.
The other characters, with one exception, were sustained by the
same artists who imparted so much to the lustre of those brilliant
performances which drew all London to Her Majesty's Theatre in
the latter half of the summer season. True, the exception was an
important one; but it is fair to Signor Bossi to admit that he did not
appear at all aware that in assuming the part of Mephistopheles he
was engaged on a task for which, whether as an actor or as a singer,
he lacked the essential requisites. Of the Margaret of Mademoiselle
Tietjens, the Siebel of Mademoiselle Trebelli, and the Valentine of
Mr. Santley there is nothing new to say. Each in its way was as
perfect as when the opera was first brought out, and the high merits
of each were thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Madame
Taccani, too, was as efficient as ever in the little part of Martha.
The chorus was not Mr. Mapleson's ordinary chorus, as occasional
deficiencies made evident; but the band, under the able and intelli-
gent guidance of Signor Arditi, played the introduction and elaborate
orchestral accompaniments in which *Faust* is so rich, absolutely
without a fault. The opera was listened to with eager delight from
beginning to end; three pieces were encored—the chorus of old men,
in the Kermesse, the charming little air ("Parlet le d'amor,") which
Siebel (Mademoiselle Trebelli) sings while gathering the flowers for
Margaret, and the animated chorus of soldiers ("Gloria immortale")
in the fourth act; the most enthusiastic applause was bestowed upon
Mademoiselle Tietjens in the scene before the church, and upon Mr.
Santley in that of Valentine's death—two of the most striking
passages in this very remarkable opera. *Faust* is to be played (with
Mr. Sims Reeves) to-night and to-morrow. The series of perform-
ances (if advertisements are good authority) will be limited to five.
After reading this perhaps his mind will be at ease, if not we are
sorry; we can help him no further."

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Every one who was present at the Gallery of Illus-
tration on Monday night will thank Mr. German Reed
for making him acquainted with Mr. Macfarren's operetta
Jessy Lea. Mr. Reed proclaims *Jessy Lea* to be founded
on entirely novel principles; expresses a sincere hope "that
the effort thus made to establish a new source of musical
entertainment will meet with the approval and support of his
brother professors" and the public generally; and feels assured
that the introduction of such works into the concert room or
chamber will be "the inauguration of a new era in our
musical annals." All this is enthusiastic, if not founded on

fact or reason, and proves Mr. German Reed to possess a will and determination of his own. Mr. Reed calls *Jessy Lea* an *Opera di Camera*. The *Opera di Camera*, I presume, is the same as the French *Opera de Salon*, and that is simply our English *operetta*, with a pianoforte instead of an orchestral accompaniment. I will not, however, bandy words with the popular entertainer, but at once thank him heartily for the treat afforded me on Monday night. I admire Mr. Macfarren's music vastly; I admire just as much Mr. John Oxenford's poetry. It is long, indeed, since a genuine poem has been set to genuine music, and the combination is a work of superior art. The music of *Jessy Lea* is throughout masterly and beautiful, and if it lacks the vivacious inspiration of the *Phyllie* and the *Elisir d'Amore*, it is, I fancy, because Mr. Macfarren was more profoundly impressed by the comedy of Mozart than the comedy of Auber and Donizetti. *Jessy Lea*, I must inform your readers, is founded on the old story of the love potion. As the subject is altogether rustic and simple, the composer might perhaps have infused a little more rural hilarity into his themes—but I will not be authoritative about the music, but leave you to deal with it entirely, and once more express my opinion of the high merits of the new *Opera di Camera*.

There is more true poetry in Mr. Oxenford's libretto than in any opera book with which I am acquainted. How gratifying it is to peruse sense and sentiment combined after being compelled to listen to the miserable illogical stuff contained in modern operas from—I won't be particular—down to—I won't be vindictive! Mr. Oxenford, moreover, is not only a poet, but a humorist; instance those roguish truistic lines which he has given to Elspeth, the gipsy:—

Is any merry damsel here?
Is any pining shepherd near?
If such there be,
Let him or her come straight to me,
For surely he or she
Shall see and hear what she or he
Shall hear and see!

The quarrel duet, too, between *Jessy* and the Gipsy is most excellent and full of character. This is *Jessy's* verse:—

You horrid wicked gipsy girl, this conduct you shall rue,
You terrible disgrace,
Your thievish pilf'ring race,

They only steal our ducks and geese, you steal our sweethearts too.

The above might have been written by Gay, and no doubt was suggested by the quarrel scene in the *Beggar's Opera* between Polly and Lucy, Lucy addressing Polly thus:—

Why how now, Madame Flirt,
If you thus must chatter,
And are for flinging dirt—
We'll try who best can spatter,
Madame Flirt?

In the duet between *Jessy* and Gilbert in the first act the rural sentiment is expressed with eminent felicity. How sweetly coquettish are *Jessy's* opening lines, and how musically the verse flows on:—

Silly youth, you sadly tease me,
With your tales of grief and pain;
Sighs and groans will never please me,
Tears for me are shed in vain.

Let me add, in parenthesis, that these words have been exquisitely set by Mr. Macfarren. Mr. Oxenford, however, —I am nothing if not critical—has not always been strictly characteristic in his poetry. Occasionally he leaves the rustic field altogether and soars into the highest empyrean.

The most poetically written song in the work is that of Gilbert, in the second act, when *Jessy* smiles on him for the first time. I quote the second verse:—

In the glories of the day,
When the mists dissolve away,
All Nature's beauties seem to grow,
The children of the morning's glow;
So is't with me.
Bright thoughts that in thy heart were hid,
As tho' their utterance were forbid,
Now court the light that shines above—
That light, what can it be?
It is the smile of her I love!

This is true poetry, involving an exquisite thought, clothed in elegant and harmonious language. But is it put in the right mouth? Is it the natural sentiment of the character; or, if the natural sentiment, has it been naturally expressed? With due deference to so great an authority as Mr. Oxenford, I think not. I need not be told that love is a refining passion, that it chastens the thought and lends beauty and force to its expression. But there must be a limitation. Love cannot make an uneducated boor an orator, rhetorician and sophist in an instant. In the utterance of their feelings, however purified and inspired by the universal passion, Romeo and Nemorino would speak differently. If character had not its sentiment and its language bestowed on it in accordance with rank, Figaro might as well breathe "Ecco ridente" under Rosina's window, and Count Almaviva dance to his own singing in "Largo al factotum." Mr. Oxenford will allow Burns to be a great poet. What kind of words would he have given to Gilbert in the same situation? Something like the following, we may suppose:—

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tuneful birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

But to bring the parallel closer. What are the words of that profoundly expressive song sung by Nemorino in the *Elisir d'Amore*, commencing "Una furtiva lagrima?" I will translate literally the first verse:—

A secret tear arose
In her sweet eyes;
Of those joyous girls
She jealous seem'd.
What more can life bestow?
She loves me—now I know!

You, Sir, cannot demand more praise for Mr. Oxenford's poetry than I am willing to give; but, it seems to me, that subtle thoughts and the most refined expressions are misplaced in the mouth of a simple country swain. I have found fault with many writers of librettos for not possessing a single quality of a poet; I now take exceptions to the libretto of *Jessy Lea* as being occasionally too profoundly poetical.

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

BOSTON, (Massachusetts), October 17.

SIR,—Organ, just completed by E. and G. G. Hook, of this city, for the First Church, Boston (Bedford Street), ranks in size among the largest in the city. It is arranged in two parts, showing a beautiful stained-glass window in the centre. The case is of Black Walnut, of Gothic design, harmonizing with the architecture of the Church, each

division showing two gabled fronts, with pipes of burnished metal.

Great Manual.—Double open Diapason, 16 feet, 58 pipes. Open Diapason, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Std. Diapason Bass and Melodia, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Viola di Gamba, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Principal, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Twelfth, 2 2-3 feet, 58 pipes. Fifteenth, 2 feet, 58 pipes. Mixture, 4 ranks, 232 pipes. Trumpet, 8 feet, 58 pipes.

Swell Manual.—Bourdon Bass and Bourdon Treble, 16 feet, 58 pipes. Open Diapason, 8 feet, 46 pipes. Std. Diapason, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Dulciana, 8 feet, 46 pipes. Principal, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Violin, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Mixture, 2 ranks, 116 pipes. Hautboy, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Trumpet, 8 feet, 58 pipes.

Choir Manual.—Open Diapason, 58 pipes. Std. Diapason Bass and Std. Diapason Treble, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Dulciana, 8 feet, 58 pipes. Harmonic Flute, 4 feet, 58 pipes. Clarinet, 8 feet, 58 pipes.

Pedale.—Double Open Diapason, 16 feet, 27 pipes. Double Dulciana, 16 feet, 27 pipes.

Mechanical Movements.—Swell to Great Coupler. Choir to Great Coupler, sub octaves. Tremulant Sw. Swell to Choir Coupler, unison. Great to Pedale. Choir to Pedale. Pedale Check. Engine (Hydraulic). Swell to Choir Coupler, super octaves. Swell to Pedale. Bellows Signal.

The opening (on Thursday evening) attracted a large crowd and was quite edifying. Messrs. Long, Willcox and Bancroft handled the organ with much skill and taste, and the singing by Miss Houston and the Choir gave real pleasure. So did the Organ itself. It has great power for its size. All its stops are good; and some, the flute, the clarinet, the hautboy, are exquisitely voiced, and the two latter remarkably well discriminated. A *tremulant* in the Swell, (which affected a reed stop in Mr. Willcox's French pipe) was singularly beautiful and not too much of it. The programme was:

1.—Dedicatory Choral, "Ein Feste Burg," (Lutherr B. J. Lang—2—a Offeritorium, in E. b Improvisations, Edward Batiste). J. H. Willcox—3.—Larghetto, (Spohr). Old South Church Choir.—4.—Prelude and Fugue, in C. (Bach). B. J. Lang.—5.—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." (Handel). Miss Houston.—6.—a Cantabile from Mendelssohn, b Fugue. (Novello). S. A. Bancroft.—7.—a Andante from Organ Sonata No. 6, (Mendelssohn), b Fugue "Et Vitam," from Mass in D. (Righini). J. H. Willcox.—8.—Benedictus and Gloria, from Second Mass, (Mozart). Old South Church Choir.—9.—Flute Concerto, Allegro, (Rink). R. J. Lang.—10.—"America," "Our Country 'tis of thee." J. S. DWIGHT.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

THE Music Hall is an institution of very recent origin and growth, and the character of its comic entertainment is clearly traceable to the teaching of the new school of comic writers. How far the tastes of the frequenters of the music halls have been degraded, and how far their perceptions of decency have been dulled and blunted by familiarity with vulgar nonsense, may be gathered from the fact that the last popular budget of comic songs is entitled, "*The Small-Pox Songster!*" I am informed on excellent authority—that of a vendor of the work—that it has been highly successful, more so than any other song book issued for a long time, and this owing to a song it contains, entitled, "*Don't touch me, I've got the small-pox;*" actually a comic song to the tune of the "Dark girl dressed in blue." Here is the first verse:—

In these vaccination days
What curious things take place;
Suppose you meet a friend, he says,
While scanning of your face,
"Hollo! old boy, I'll treat you, Will,
Let's drop in at the Fox,
But do not shake hands with me, Bill,
For I've got the small-pox."

Chorus.—It's a very bad thing well do I know,
It's a very bad thing, all the people say.

I remain, Sir, yours, TEMPLE BAR.

By Submarine Electric Telegraph, from our own Correspondent.

LES TROYENS.—The new opera of Hector Berlioz was produced last night (Wednesday), at the Théâtre Lyrique, with brilliant success. After the first and third acts the enthusiasm was extraordinary. The grand septuor was unanimously asked for again. All the singers good, but Madame Charton (Dido) especially superb. The *mise en scène*, the most splendid ever witnessed at the Théâtre Lyrique. Band and chorus excellent. A genuine triumph for Berlioz.

HERR ERNST is again, since some days, in London. The great artist has come for a fresh consultation. He is still the guest of Sir Bulwer Lytton.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

No recent dramatic event has given rise to more speculation, surmise and curiosity, than the Love Story, *Bel Demonio*, produced at the Lyceum on Saturday, October 31st. Some persons in the theatre might have fancied themselves again listening to *Sixtus the Fifth*, a joint-production of Messrs. Boucicault and J. V. Bridgeman, and played in 1850 at the Old Olympic. Few dramas have had the advantage of a more popular actor for the principal part than *Bel Demonio*, though a first representation may be received with a spasmodic and feverish friendliness, together with an indiscriminate applause bearing the aspect of blundering stupidity, which sometimes defeats its own object. When the public shall have calmed down from this excitement, it may appear that *Bel Demonio* is not remarkable for anything but weak and commonplace dialogue; that the acting is not especially striking; and that the scenery, though very effective, is not in advance of much gone before. Mr. Fechter is a clear and conscientious artist, who has made one of the greatest successes on the stage of late years; but this enviable position is accompanied with a heavy responsibility. Despite the enthusiasm certain to greet Mr. Fechter's efforts, the stern fact remains in the background, that from whomsoever the public have chosen to accept as all-excellent they expect nothing less than perfection on all occasions—an extraordinary success once achieved must be constantly fed. The same argument holds respecting authorship. Upon these grounds we felt a certain disappointment in the piece as well as the principal actor. *Bel Demonio* depends too much on the personal attributes of the hero, and its unity of purpose is sacrificed to an incessant parade of the principal character, who possesses no marked individuality whatever. Audience with him, especially when that part has been written with an actor like Mr. Fechter, playing a leading part, must carry his reference to his peculiar qualifications and talent. Mr. Fechter exercises great sway over his hearers, but the portrayal of passionate love or fierce defiance leads him to adopt certain attitudes neither graceful nor elegant. Love-making is considered to be this gentleman's specialty. Now, to our thinking, the embodiment of this passion by the two principals was in the strongest contrast; Mr. Fechter displayed studied effect; Miss Kate Terry, simple pathos as natural as it was affecting. No actress at the present time excels this young lady in delineating passionate fondness with the utmost simplicity of manner. There is this further difference—while Mr. Fechter's performance conveys the idea of labor and artifice, Miss Terry's gives the notion of a perfect spontaneity, at variance with any study whatever. It may be argued that the phrase "all nature" applied to any impersonation is illogical, and that, as we do not live in the time of Orsini, nor in Rome, the whole thing is an assumption. Nevertheless, a person may seem either to be acting with extreme care, or may seem not to be acting at all. All art is imitation, but it admits of subtleties, perhaps dependent on temperament, which in some cases brings it near to nature. We will not enter into the plot, and thus mar the pleasure of those of our readers who may go to see the piece, which depends essentially on the "interest." We will confine ourselves to stating, that Miss Elsworth threw much force and dignity into the small part of the Countess, while Miss E. Lavenulooked extremely pretty as the peasant-girl, Margarita. We must congratulate Mr. Brougham on his artistic performance of the Cardinal. Mr. Jordan was one of the heaviest fathers and Mr. F. Charles one of the lightest sons the noble house of Campireali ever possessed. Mr. Emery played the soldier Ranuccio with more than his usual bluff heartiness; in fact, with a very near approach to "rowdyism." A new comedietta by Mr. W. Gilbert, *Uncle Baby*, which included the names of the Misses C. and P. Leclercq, Messrs. Widdicomb, J. G. Shore and F. Charles, preceded *Bel Demonio*.

BRUSSELS.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington has returned from London.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The Monday Popular Concerts have resumed their career under the able and intelligent direction of Mr. Arthur Chappell, who in his annual address declares his intention of continuing to manage them on precisely the same principles as those to which he believes they are indebted for their success. That success has been in its way unprecedented. No more legitimate appeal was ever made to the great community of pleasure-seekers who have a special taste for music, and no appeal, legitimate or otherwise, was ever responded to more promptly and emphatically. Mr. Chappell is, therefore, wise to contemplate no change. In resolving to make up his programmes as he has hitherto done—that is, chiefly from the quartets, quintets, trios, duets, sonatas, &c., of the great masters, who have done so much to enrich the repertory of chamber-music, and to familiarize the general public with whose works was the avowed and truly excellent object for which these entertainments were originally instituted—he does precisely what every earnest supporter of his undertaking would desire. The first concert of the sixth season (the 132nd since February 1859) took place in St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, when, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large audience was assembled before the hour at which the performances, with invariable punctuality, begin. It was also a discriminating audience; but not on that account the less enthusiastic, as the sequel proved. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet in G, Op. 18, No. 2—violins, viola and violoncello	Beethoven.
Song, "Absence"	Benedict.
Song, "Fancy's dream"	Mendelssohn.
Sonata in D minor, Op. 29, No. 2—pianoforte alone	Beethoven.

PART II.

Chaconne—violin, with pianoforte accompaniment	Bach.
Duet, "Dearest, let thy footsteps follow." (<i>Faust</i>)	Spohr.
Bagatelles—pianoforte alone	Beethoven.
Song, "As o'er the alps he ranges,"	Schubert.
Quartet in D, No. 45—violins, viola and violoncello	Haydn.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

The quartet in G of Beethoven, the second in Op. 18 (dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz)—beginning thus:—

Allegro.



—is a delicious pastoral, simply designed and ingeniously worked out. And yet what wealth of invention it exhibits in the development of its most unambitious plan! What an unceasing flow of tune in every movement—even in the first and last, where the master delights in playing with his themes, and thus indicating his complete command of the resources of his art! There is a charm about these early quartets of Beethoven which, although in none of them do we perceive the completely emancipated genius—emancipated from the attractive spells of Haydn and Mozart—it is impossible to define. When it was thought that instrumental music had been carried by those masters as far as it could go, there appeared a young man—a youth, indeed—who, with some trios, pianoforte sonatas and quartets, at once proclaimed himself their equal. Haydn could not, or would not, immediately see it; but Mozart had prophesied something of the kind, when, years before, he heard the young Beethoven extemporize on themes proposed by the composer of *Don Giovanni* himself, who also suggested the manner in which they were to be treated.

Haydn's quartet (Op. 64, No. 1), which will be remembered by the principal theme of the first movement:—

Allegro moderato.

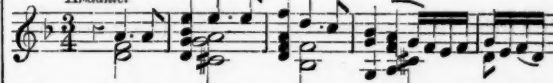


—had never been previously introduced at these concerts. It is one of the least elaborate of the prolific musician's works, but by no means one of the least engaging. Each movement has its marked character; the *allegro*, so to speak, an unadorned statelyness; the *adagio* a flow of expressive melody; the *minuet* a

playfulness and gaiety which were part of Haydn's nature—here contrasted, moreover, with a *trio*, in the minor key, of unaccustomed breadth; and the *finale*—*presto* in the "*moto perpetuo*" style—a sustained vigour that may match it with the liveliest *rondo* in the orchestral symphonies. A more exhilarating climax than this *finale* to a concert unmarked by a single "slow" incident could not have been devised.

In the two quartets, M. Lotto—well known to the frequenters of the Crystal Palace and the patrons of Mr. Alfred Mellon, as one of the most brilliant executants of the day, as a *virtuoso*, indeed, with few equals, fewer superiors—was heard for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts. The impression he produced was highly favorable—more so, perhaps, in the quartet of Haydn, the last movement of which he dashed off with amazing spirit, than in that of Beethoven, where the thin quality and uncertain intonation of his first string ("*chanterelle*") were occasionally remarked by connoisseurs. These drawbacks, however, are easily remedied; and the performance of M. Lotto in every other respect warrants the expectation of our finding in him a worthy compeer to the very best quartet players it has been Mr. Arthur Chappell's good chance to bring forward. In his solo—J. S. Bach's magnificent *Chaconne*, with variations (D minor):—

Andante.



M. Lotto raised the audience to enthusiasm. His execution of this trying piece was literally marvellous; and at the end, being recalled by the whole audience, he consented to give another of the violin solos by which Bach has astonished the musical world, and which it is very unlikely any one in his own time could have mastered, inasmuch as, despite the progress of mechanical skill in modern times, so very few dare even attempt them now. This was the rapid *Prelude* to the *Suite* (or "*sonata*," as Bach calls it) in E major. The *Chaconne* was accompanied by Mr. Benedict on the pianoforte, the modestly designed but admirably written accompaniment which Mendelssohn wrote at the request of his friend, F. David (of Leipzig), being introduced for the occasion. The *Prelude*:—



was unaccompanied. At the termination of the last—just as well executed and just as successful as the first—M. Lotto was again unanimously called. Both *Chaconne* and *Prelude* were played without book. Thus the *début* of the young Polish violinist at the Monday Popular Concerts may fairly be recorded as a triumph.

The other performers in the quartets were Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Webb and Signor Piatti. We are tired of calling Signor Piatti the "Emperor of violoncellists;" but he never plays without exciting admiration. Probably no artist that could be named is—in every style, classical, romantic, or merely *bravura*—so uniformly beyond reproach. At the Monday Popular Concerts his services are invaluable; for, even with two violins and a viola of second-rate pretensions (an ordeal, it must be owned, to which Mr. Chappell is not in the habit of submitting him), the superb tone, unflinching accuracy and magical accentuation of rhythm and *tempo* that distinguish this incomparable artist, form so solid a basis to the whole, that mediocrity itself, thus supported, might perchance come out with flying colors. A better viola than Mr. H. Webb—now an experienced no less than a clever quartet player—could not be wished; while none would like to see so careful, steady and thoroughly conscientious a second violin as Herr L. Ries absent himself from performances to which he has given alike undeviating attention and valuable assistance.

M. Charles Hallé was the pianist; and the solo sonata selected for him—in D minor, op. 31):—



was one of the most impressive and "dramatic" of the 32 masterpieces which Beethoven has dedicated to the pianoforte alone. The German expression, "tone-poem," is by no means ill applied to this splendid composition, which is nothing if not poetical. Here we find, for the first time, the element of *recitative*, both accompanied and unaccompanied, made use of in a pianoforte sonata. This lends a peculiar individuality to the in all respects remarkable first movement, than which nothing more impassioned is to be met with, even in the sonata in F minor, nicknamed by some zealous admirer, *Sonata Apassionata* (op. 54). With what grace the ineffably beautiful slow movement (*adagio*), in a major key, relieves the sombre gloom of that which precedes it, and with what singular felicity the sonata is brought to a conclusion by one of the most original of Beethoven's final movements—an *allegretto*, in perpetual semiquavers, divided between the right hand and the left—we need not remind those to whom the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven are familiar, and by whom they are consequently held in affection. Nor need we say one word about M. Hallé's performance. What amateur has not heard him play this, and every other sonata of Beethoven? The last movement was followed by a "call," as was the case after the less ambitious (and much less interesting) selection from the *Bagatelles* of the same composer—which in many instances go to prove that it was not in the character, if it was in the power, of Beethoven to be a trifle. These consisted of the *Scherzo* in C (No. 2, Book 1):—



the *Allegretto* in F (No. 3, Book 1):—



and the *Allegro* in D (No. 3, Book 2):—



Besides the numbers set down for him, M. Hallé, on being called back, played the *presto* in A flat (No. 7, Book 1):—



The first Book of *Bagatelles* (op. 33) was composed in 1813. The second Book—consisting of twelve *Bagatelles* (op. 112)—which were sold (through Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's pupil), to a London publisher, for the sum of twenty-five guineas, after the Leipzig publisher, Peters, had refused to give ten ducats for them, on the plea that they were unworthy of the composer (see Schindler)—is perhaps inferior to the first. Ferdinand Ries (*Notizen*), though he could not have imagined one of them himself, recording the transaction in which he took a part, says, of the second set of *Bagatelles*, that it would have been as well if they had never been published. Not so, however, of the first, every number of which is in its way a little masterpiece—No. 7 especially, one of Beethoven's liveliest and most original movements in the form of a *scherzo*.

The vocal music was unexceptionally good. The new song by Mr. Benedict, (Miss Banks) was quite worthy to associate with Mendelssohn's romantic *Reiseliel* (Mr. Winn)—a genial setting of one of Heinrich Heine's most genial lyrics:—

"Der Herbst-Wind rüßelt die Bäume,
"Die Nacht ist feucht und kalt;"

with the melodious duet from Spohr's *Faust* (Miss Banks and Mr. Winn)—an opera, by the way, which some readers may require to be told is founded on quite a different subject from that supplied by MM. Barbier and Carré to M. Gounod; and with Schubert's "Der Alpenjäger" (Mr. Winn). On the whole it would be difficult to recall a concert, even a Monday Popular Concert, where the whole of the programme, vocal and instrumental, was so uniformly beyond reproach—impossible to remember one which imparted more unqualified satisfaction to a large mixed audience of genuine music-lovers.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Nowwood (Preston).—"Twenty-four Short Preludes," for the piano, by Alfred Beddoe. "Home" and "I hear his horn," by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew. SWEET (Chancery Lane).—"A Handy Book of the Law of Copyright," by F. P. Chappell and John Sheard, LL.D. DUNCAN DAVISON and Co.—"Dream Dance," Aguilar (Emanuel), Op. 27.—No. 1 "Dream Dance," No. 2 "Parting," No. 3 "A May Walk," No. 4 "The Promise." Berger (Emilio), "A Mother's Prayer," pianoforte.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 2.—The musical season is fairly begun again and if you wish, we shall be happy to drop you a line once in a while, as the man said to the fishes. The programme opened last week with a night of German Opera at the Academy of Music. Mr. Anschütz has a number of new *artistes* in his troupe, and brought out *Der Freischütz* with much *éclat*, and to the delight of a very large audience. The Orchestra and chorus were particularly good. Our "Philharmonic" began its Seventh Season with the first rehearsal last Wednesday afternoon. The "Academy" was brilliant with the beauty and fashion of our quiet and charming city; all more than pleased to have the delightful rehearsals resumed. (It is a fact that much flirting is done to the fascinating *rhythm* of the beautiful music, which so inspires the bright eyes of the fair listeners, that the result can't be helped. "Please do not converse during the music," is to be printed on the rehearsal programmes, and then we shall see—what we shall see.) The orchestra as usual numbers fifty, and comprises the best available talent, under the energetic leadership of Mr. Noll, with Mr. Theodore Eisfeld as Conductor of the Season. The following pieces were rehearsed:—

Symphony in A minor, "Recollections of Scotland" . . .	Mendelssohn
Overture, "Ruins of Athens," (first time) . . .	Beethoven
Overture "Jubel" . . .	Weber

The Symphony is a great favorite here, and was performed during the season of 1861 with much acceptance. You, who knew it so well, will agree with the good taste of the subscribers who wish to hear it again. The first concert will take place the last Saturday evening of this month (the 31st.), with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, *vocalist*; Mr. Henry Appy, *violinist*; and Mr. Eben, *flutist*, as soloists. The subscription list is already larger than last year, and a brilliant season is anticipated. The directors have not raised the price of subscription (although the N. Y. society is up to 6 dols.), and also continue to issue season tickets to the profession at 3 dols., which places this important privilege within the means of every student and lover of the divine art in our midst. Brooklyn is of itself a charming city, as aforesaid, but its possession of a permanent Philharmonic Society enhances it wonderfully as a place of residence to people of good taste. We are to have Maretzek's Italian Opera every Thursday evening, beginning on the 14th with *Rigoletto*, Kellogg, Sulzer, Mazzolini, Barilli and Colletti taking the parts. If it is as well done as at the N. Y. house, it will be sustained, not otherwise, as the failures of last season proved.

The "Park Theatre" is something new and pretty here. It has been open only a month. This week's attraction is the comic opera of *John of Paris*. It has to go on two legs, however, as a *soprano* and *tenore* do all the singing. The "Park" orchestra is small, but is gallantly and understandingly led by Mr. P. M. Loretz, a young composer, organist and pianist, possessing much talent, and a long resident of Brooklyn. Gottschalk is in New York, and has been quite ill of a fever, caused by loss of sleep, and anxiety attendant on the last illness of his brother. His concerts are therefore postponed.

A grand testimonial concert is in progress, to be given in New York, for the benefit of the family of the lamented Wollenhaupt. Poor Wollenhaupt, we saw the *title* of the very last effort of his musical pen to day at Pond's, and it is called the "Last Smile." Many other little local items are in mind, but will keep for a while. We have written many indifferent gossiping musical letters in our day, and were last known in your paper as *Jem Baggs*. We like our first name better, and with your permission will hereafter be again a

SEVEN OCTAVE.

STUTTGART.—Beethoven's Grand Mass was recently performed by the Association for Classical Sacred Music.

ROTTERDAM.—The German Operatic Company have performed *Die Entführung, Il Trovatore* and *Die Zauberkiste*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—“Dr. John Bull, a celebrated musician in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, took occasion to go, *incognito*, into France and Germany. At length, hearing of a famous musician belonging to a certain cathedral at St. Omer's, he applied himself as a novice to him, to learn something of his faculty, and to sit and admire his works. This musician, after some discourse had passed between them, conducted Bull to a vestry, or music-school, joining to the cathedral, and showed to him a lesson or song of forty parts, and then made a vaunting challenge to any person in the world to add one more part to them; supposing it to be so complete and full, that it was impossible for any mortal man to correct or add to it. Bull, therefore, desiring the use of ink and ruled paper, prayed the musician to lock him up in the school for two or three hours; which being done, not without great disdain, by the musician, Bull, in that time, or less, added forty more parts to the said lesson or song. The musician thereupon being called in, he viewed it, tried it and re-tried it. At length he burst out into great ecstasy, and swore by the great God that he that added those forty parts must either be the devil or Dr. Bull. Whereupon, Bull making himself known, the musician fell down and adored him. Afterwards continuing there, and in those parts, for a time, he became so much admired, that he was courted to accept of any place or preferment suitable to his profession, either within the dominions of the emperor, King of France or Spain. But the tidings of these transactions coming to the English court, Queen Elizabeth commanded him home.” This part of the story, alluding to the forty parts said to have been added by Dr. Bull in two or three hours, has been rejected by our best artists in music, as a thing wholly improbable; and the account they give, as handed down to them by tradition, is this—that the lesson or song, when delivered to the doctor, consisted of sixteen parts, to which he added four others. This, considering the fullness of the piece before, and the shortness of the time in which he made those additions, is esteemed by them an extraordinary performance, and what might easily occasion the greater surprise in the musician upon the first sight of it. When Gizziello first sang at Rome, his performance so far enchanted every hearer, that it became the general subject of conversation, which not only contributed to spread his fame through that city, but extended it to the most remote parts of Italy. It is natural to suppose that the account of this musical phenomenon soon reached Naples, and equally natural to imagine that it was not heard with indifference in a place where so powerful a propensity to musical pleasure prevails. Cafferelli, at this time in the zenith of his reputation, was so far piqued by curiosity, perhaps by jealousy, that he took an opportunity, the first time he could be spared from the opera at Naples, to ride post all night, in order to hear his rival at Rome. He entered the pit, muffled up in a pellice or fur gown, unknown by any one there; and after he had heard Gizziello sing a song, he cried out as loud as he possibly could, “Bravo! Bravissimo! Gizziello! è Cafferelli che ti lodice!”—“It is Cafferelli who applauds.” And immediately quitting the theatre, he set out on his return to Naples the same night. Tartini, a celebrated musician, who was born at Pirano, in Istria, being much inclined to the study of music in his early youth, dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and during this vision everything succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were anticipated, and his desires were always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. At last he imagined that he presented the devil with his violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music which he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite was his delight, upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensation, and instantly seized his fiddle, in hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain; he, however, then composed a piece, which is, perhaps, the best of all his works; he called it *The Devil's Sonata*, but it was so far inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other means of subsistence.” Thus we are indebted to a “nightmare” for a splendid composition. “Senesino and Farinelli, when in England, together, being engaged at different theatres on the same night, had not an opportunity of hearing each other, till, by one of those sudden stage-revolutions which frequently happen, yet are always unexpected, they were both employed to sing on the same stage. Senesino had the part of a furious tyrant to represent, and Farinelli that of an unfortunate hero in chains; but, in the course of the first song, he so softened the obdurate heart of the enraged tyrant, that Senesino, forgetting his stage character, ran to Farinelli, and embraced him.” This anecdote, while it displays the extraordinary powers of one of the parties, does almost equal honor to the sensibility of the other.

OTTO POTTER.

SIR,—I took my seat in a so-called *special train* at London Bridge, in order to be in time for the above concert. The speciality of the train, however, appeared not so much to go *quick*, as to perform the part of backer-up to a sulky engine and train in front which would not “move on.” Our engine roared and snorted bravely, and certainly did its best to help its lame brother; but, after all, we had to descend from the carriages, some distance from the platform, and foot it on the *fantastic* but certainly not light *toe* to the end. On entering the Palace, the concert was on the point of commencing, and the seats were all so full, that it was only by the kind interposition of Mr. Bowley (may his *shadow* never be less) that we procured a *hearable seat*. As it was, we lost part of the glorious *Der Freischütz*, consoling ourselves, however, with the reflection, that half a good overture so well played was better than a bad whole one. “Non più andrai” was declaimed most energetically by Signor Ferranti. A new ballata of Monsieur Ascher's (accompanied by the composer), sung by Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, pleased the audience not a little. M. Vieuxtemps, in his violin *solo*, was as grand as *ever*, and gave us plenty of those *wonderful up-strokes* with the *bow*; but, at the risk of being thought hyperbolic, we must *say* there was at times a slight tendency to roughness in his tone. Herr Reichardt's pretty little Cradle Song, “The day, pretty darling,” deserved the encore it obtained; Miss Fanny Huddart, in Balfe's “This is the place, stand still, my steed,” pleased greatly; and the duetto from *Linda di Chamouni*, “Da quel di,” by Mdlle. Patti and Herr Reichardt pleased as much if not more. The pianoforte solo by M. Ascher was so much liked that the talented pianist was recalled. The “Barcarole” of Reichardt was nicely sung. We then heard the Laughing Song by Auber “*laughed*” in music by Carlotta Patti. Much is said about having a musical laugh; those who wish to hear one in perfection should hear Mdlle. Patti in the above song. Having been recalled, she commenced “Gin a body” in most charming style, but spoilt some parts by additions having nothing in common with the character of the song. Oh, Patti, Patti! you could sing it to perfection, therefore you ought to do so. “La chasse” of Vieuxtemps was then given by the composer in slashing style. Verdi's quartet, “E Scherzo,” brought the concert to a conclusion. I find it was called a “grand concert.” However, save and excepting the overture and the accompaniment to Vieuxtemps' first solo, the latter being most carefully done under the exceedingly clever conducting of Mr. A. Manns, the “grandeur” was not particularly overwhelming. After the concert, the Palace was brilliantly lighted up. The new lights in the centre of the nave are very effective, the lights glaring on the shrubs, flowers and glass, and lastly (we beg pardon), the ladies' dresses, with the sound of the organ, rather better played than usual (the selection from *Euryanthe* coming out well), by Mr. Coward, combined to delight the eye and gratify the ear.

Shamles, near The Oven, Nov. 3.

BUTCHER BAKER.

A SONG OF CHALK.

SIR,—I understand that you have transcribed Professor Flowers' poem, on muscular vocalisation, in your widely circulated journal. No doubt you will criticise it. I consider Mr. Flowers' system of teaching singing so good that I will give you my opinion of it, which is founded upon physiological principles. I have paid much attention to muscular vocalisation; I think it a subject of vital importance; and when in town I saw some influential musicians, and explained to them my views on Mr. Flowers' method of teaching singing. They all considered him a genius and very clever, but they stated he had crotchets. Every man is thought crotchety that dares to differ from others in the same profession, particularly if he should bring out something new and make him greater in the profession than themselves. What did the medical profession think of Harvey, Jenner and Hope. These men have been true friends to the public, and when Flowers is dead his crotchet will be taken up and he will be then thought a great man. What can be more simple than the theory held by Professor Flowers, and what more detrimental than that generally entertained on the cultivation of the voice. Mr. Flowers' system gets rid of all obstructions from the air passages. The habitual method of teaching singing obstructs the air passages, and the teachers on the old system never can produce a voice. Signor Garcia acknowledges that the English have always colds, these colds are deposits in the larynx, and the vocal chords cannot stretch and contract. Mr. Flowers' system strikes at the root of all vocal incapacity, his exercises give more power to the voice and improves the health of the delicate; it did so with my daughter, and I shall be happy to answer any physiological inquiries, and, if my firm belief in the system be found useful as a guide to others, it will give me great pleasure to know that facts are no longer considered crotchets, and that a scientific professor and an original thinker is valued by the world as he ought to be.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. CHURCHILL DEMPSEY,
M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng.L.S.A.L.

Sulgrave, Banbury, Oxon.

CHIPPING ONGAR.

SIR,—The Organist and Choir master of St. Martin's Chipping Ongar would esteem it a favor if the Editor of the Musical World could inform him who has been appointed Organist and Choir master of Wimborne Minster, Dorset. The competition and examination took place on the 19th October, Salary £80 with house. Yours, D. C. F.
[Can any of our readers oblige Correspondent with the above information?—Ed. M. W.] November 4th, 1863.

HERR NIEMANN.

SIR,—I suppose it will be admitted that London is the place where all the greatest singers in the world ought to be heard. Now to me, who am a German, it has always appeared most strange that so magnificent a tenor voice as that possessed by my countryman, Herr Niemann, should never yet have been heard at either Covent Garden or Her Majesty's Theatres. Has Mr. Gye ever heard of Herr Niemann? Has Mr. Mapleson ever heard of Herr Niemann? If not, please, Mr. Editor, to post to those gentlemen (of course at my expense) your impression of Saturday last. I am induced to write thus by the strongest sense of the transcendent qualities of my countryman. I do really believe I am within the mark, when I affirm that the combined voices of Mario and Tamberlik, in their best days, would not equal the splendid organ of Herr Niemann.

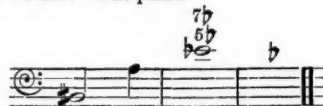
November 8,

Yours,
AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

A MUSICAL PUZZLE.

To L. K., Esq.

SIR,—Your "Puzzle" is no puzzle.



Signature of bass clef. Sharp B. A seventh flat, fifth flat over E flat. Flat. Double bar. Stave.

Sir, you are no conjuror. Yours obediently,
Gum Street, Swellcheek Road.

TOOTHACHE.

M^DLLE. ADELINA PATTI has passed through Paris *en route* for Madrid. Her success in Germany—especially as Margaret in Gounod's *Faust*—has been unprecedented.

M. JULLIEN'S Promenade Concerts begin to-night, at Her Majesty's Theatre. The decorations under the superintendence of Madame Jullien, widow of the regretted *chef d'orchestre*, are said to be magnificent.

MR. BENEDICT'S "RICHARD CŒUR DE LION."—A grand performance of this new *cantata* was given last night at St. James's Hall, with M^dlle. Tietjens, M^dlle. Trebelli, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Santley in the principal characters. The hall was crammed. Full particulars in our next.

ROYALTY AND ART.—His Majesty the King of Portugal has created Herr Adolph Schlösser, the pianist and composer, and son of the well-known Herr Louis Schlösser, conductor at Darmstadt, a member of the Order of Jesus Christ. His Majesty accompanied the decoration of the order with a highly flattering autograph letter, in return for a new trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, dedicated to him by Herr Adolph Schlösser.

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M. JULLIEN

has the honor to announce that, it being his ambition to carry on the great and beneficial work with which the name of his father, the late M. JULLIEN, is so honorably connected, namely, the diffusion of the best and most wholesome influences of music, by the popularisation of the works of the Great Masters, executed in a style worthy of their genius, he has entered into an arrangement with Mr. MAPLESON, the Lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, for a "SERIES OF PROMENADE CONCERTS," commencing Saturday, November 7, 1863, to be given in that establishment, which having, through the exertions of its present director, been once more raised to the position of the first lyrical theatre in Europe, is peculiarly adapted for the purpose.

In the organisation of this great undertaking, M. JULLIEN has resolved to adhere to the precedent of those brilliant musical entertainments with which the name he bears is associated, and accordingly, the preparations which he has made have been on the most extensive and liberal scale that the existing musical resources of Europe, so far as they were at his command, would allow. The Orchestra, over which M. JULLIEN will preside, will have for its basis the

ORCHESTRA OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,

which, under the able and skilful training of SIGNOR ARDITI, has attained so great a renown for the completeness and perfection of its execution. To this have been added a number of soloists of celebrity, who have been expressly selected and engaged from the various musical establishments of the Continent.

The Programmes, which will be changed every evening, will present a careful selection of compositions of the most varied styles, and will include invariably, as the present condition of the public taste renders indispensable, works or portions of works by the Classical Masters,

HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, AND MENDELSSOHN.

Among the features of the Series of Concerts will be a number of Operatic Selections which have been expressly arranged for this occasion; and of these, one especially worthy to be mentioned is a new Selection from M. GOUNOD's Grand Opera of

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Arranged by M. JULLIEN, who feels the more satisfied in giving prominence to the great and extraordinarily successful work of M. GOUNOD in these Concerts, as it was in Her Majesty's Theatre that it was first introduced to the English public, and that it received an interpretation which has not been excelled in any Theatre in Europe. In order to give the fullest effect to the execution of this Selection, M. JULLIEN has succeeded in engaging

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He has, moreover, the honor to announce that in the course of the season will be performed, as a *morceau de circonstance*,

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SIGNOR SIVORI,

who will make his first appearance before the English public, since the last five years, at these Concerts, for which he has been exclusively engaged. The celebrated cornet-à-piston player,

M. Legendre, of Paris and Berlin,

is also engaged; and in order to give an equal brilliancy to the vocal solos, the exclusive services have been obtained of

Mdlle. Volpini,

whose charming performances, during the last season at Her Majesty's Theatre, have raised her to the position of a popular favorite. That the decorations and general interior arrangements of the ensuing Concerts will not be in any degree inferior to those which distinguished the "JULLIEN'S Concerts" of former days, will be readily concluded from the fact that they have been placed under the direction of Madame JULLIEN, whose acknowledged taste and long experience will ensure a result worthy of the most brilliant days of the late M. JULLIEN. The *éclairage*, including a superb suite of chandeliers, has been designed and manufactured expressly for this occasion by Mr. J. L. HARRIS, 151, Houndsditch. The refreshment department has been confided to the well-known firm of Épitoux, of the Opera Colonnade, and will be carried out with all the elegancies and superior accommodation of the best French *cafés* and *glaciers*.

The Reading Room.—Daily Papers (Morning and Evening), Weekly Papers, Reviews, Magazines, and Periodicals of every description, and the principal Journals of Europe, America, the British Provinces and Colonies, will be found on the tables in the Reading Room.

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Acting Manager, Madame JULLIEN. Box-Office under the direction of Mr. NUGENT. The season will terminate on Monday, December 21st, with a grand "BAL D'OPERA," which, under the direction of Mons. JULLIEN, will be conducted on the same plan as the celebrated *Bals d'Opera* given during the Carnival at the Grand Opera of Paris and the principal cities of Italy. Full particulars will be duly announced. N.B.—Mons. JULLIEN'S Quadrille Band Office, where the best Dance Music Executants may be engaged in numbers suitable to the Ball Room, is at JULLIEN'S, 214, Regent Street.